

His Power

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Summary: ONE SHOT. Arnold decides to 'seduce' Helga into telling him the truth about her feelings for him, a couple weeks after F.T.I. because he realizes she does love him but he wants to hear it from her.

His Power

Author's Note: I was browsing Arnold X Helga fan art of course, and I just got this idea while looking at different fan arts. Anyway, Hey Arnold doesn't belong to me. Last time I checked my name wasn't Craig, sadly and I'm a girl so yeah. Anyway, please enjoy. And I'm already having a fan girl moment before even writing it. This was inspired by KasuKapl's 'Arnold's Power'.

_Here is the link to the picture:
art/Arnold-s-power-iScribble-251503928_

PS: this is before the Tango episode.

His Power

She stood, off in the distance, with her attention set on her open locker door. Her corn hue'd blonde hair still pulled up in horizontal pigtails and her one eyebrow still ever present as always. Phoebe was standing next to her, with her books pressed against her chest and her blue glasses almost shimmered from the light above them. The Japanese-American girl had a look of determination in her features, and with part of her black short hair pulled back and her small arms wrapped around herself—she looked completely different than the tallest girl in their grade, Helga G. Pataki. The girl that Arnold was originally staring at—the girl in the pink jumper with a red stripe at the bottom of her dress, a white shirt underneath, white shoes and white socks. Her signature pink bow still sat nestled on the top of her head—taunting Arnold, as though trying to tell Arnold that there was a really girlish side to the fourth grade

tormentor.

The football headed boy, Arnold P. (the P stood for Phillip) Shortman, stood off to the side in the hallway with his head turned to the side. His large tufts of blonde hair stuck randomly up in the air, he wore his signature bluish green sweater over his plaid button up shirt, and then he wore jeans and then some black shoes. His eyes though, they were what would captivate anyone if they looked close enough. They were the brightest green there ever could be, and they beckoned Helga more than anything else. She even had a green glass bottle back home, in her closet somewhereâ€"that when she was sure she was alone and it was the summer she would sit it on her window sill and smile when the sunlight hit it just right and made the same hue as her beloved's eyes.

Arnold was alone at the moment, Gerald had to take a makeup test since he was absent last weekâ€"he was visiting his six cousins with Jamie-O and Timberly. Arnold had gotten so many phone calls from his best friend, who was complaining about his sister managing to get their two girl cousins that was her age to put makeup on him when he was asleep and then forcing him and his older brother to have a tea party with them. It didn't help that Gerald's mom had taken a picture of them and Timberly could easily get her mom to make copies so that she could have them as keepsakes for her 'scrapbook' only to send it to all of P.S. 118's fourth graders.

He couldn't help but remember about what had happened three weeks ago when it came to standing on the rooftop of F.T.I and finding out about Helga being Deep Voice. He remembered asking her why she did it for him and her words suddenly ran through his mind again, demanding attention after she had told him that she accidentally said she loved him.

"You heard me pal! I love you! Love you! Who else do you think has been stalking you night and day, building shrines of you in a closet, filling volumes of poems about you? I love you! Arnold, I've always loved you ever since I first laid eyes on your stupid football head. And from that momentâ€"every moment sinceâ€"I've lived and dreamed of youâ€"dreamed of the moment I could finally tell you of my secret feelings so I could grab you and kiss you andâ€"oh, come here you big lug!"

Arnold felt a tingle in his lips and his hand that was shaking reached up and brushed his lips, as he remembered the kiss that Helga had given him. It was too overwhelming when she had kissed him on that rainy rooftop. He remembered how he was prepared to pull her away from him and then as she continued to kiss him his eyes had dilated and he was in the beginning stages of relaxing and closing his eyes only for her to pull for their lips to separate. He was so afraid, because when her lips had pulled away from his all of what happened came crashing down on him and he felt his heart jump in his chest when she reached to kiss him again and he was so afraid of her kissing him again because he didn't know if he would be able to pull away from her the next time. He had a feeling that a part of him would have been fine with standing on that rooftop for the rest of eternity if she kept kissing him with this overwhelming loveâ€"her fingers tangling in hisâ€"

Arnold hadn't realized that his face had become flustered and that he was drifting off in a dreamy gaze until he heard the locker door

across the hallway slam shut. He saw that Helga was talking to Phoebe and was shrugging her shoulders but when she turned her head her eyes widened incredibly when she saw that Arnold was looking at her with a dreamy look across his features. She gulped and then scowled at him, yelled one of her famous lines she always did and then stalked off in the distance with Phoebe following after her, only the short girl couldn't help but arch her eyebrow up when she saw that Arnold was watching the tall girl stomp away.

Then when the side doors shut closed behind him he snapped out of it and he was struck with a strong feeling of annoyance throughout his being. He needed to know if Helga loved him. He just, she couldn't just look at him with that doe eyed look and then scowl at him the next moment as though what had happened on the rooftop never happened. She either loved him, or she didn't. He wished that he didn't give her an excuse, since he was the one who brought up the heat of the moment thing. And as he stood there, tortured by the girl in pink inspiration struck him and he couldn't help but slightly feel his heart race in his chest. He knew exactly what to do when it came to getting the truth from the girl who he was used to tormenting his thoughts, not his heart.

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The next day, Arnold took a deep breath as he stood in the hallway, as everyone went throughout the hallways talking animatedly to each other. He knew that today was going to be the day that he was going to get the real answer from the girl that was invading his mind and heart more than she should. He knew when he was going to do this. When everyone headed to lunch he would meet her at her locker, he had already heard from some of the kids in the classroom that Phoebe was sick from some illness that was beginning to wash over the cityâ€”she had gotten it from her dad, so now Helga didn't have anyone to keep him away from her.

He could only hope that this wouldn't blow up in his face. He knew that any other ten-year-old didn't have to worry about this until they were surely in high school. Yet, it seemed as though Arnold P. Shortman was going to have every possible awkward situation to deal with at ten or life changing moments thrown at him.

He took a deep breath again before he headed towards Mr. Simmons's classroom, already afraid of what the girl's reaction would be. If what she said was true, then there was no way she wouldn't tell him the truth if he pleaded sweetly to her to tell him the truth.

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When the bell rang for lunch, Arnold slowly walked out of the classroom and told Gerald that he would see him in a fewâ€”he had something he needed to ask Mr. Simmons. Gerald had shrugged his shoulders, told him that he'd save him a seat, and then he headed in the direction of where the cafeteria was. Arnold went the opposite direction though and followed Helgaâ€”finding that she was grumbling underneath her breath and when she reached her locker he felt his legs shake and his breath become unsteady. He had never done this before! This was foreign, Arnold was an innocent kidâ€”he wasn't supposed to flirt and tease Helga to find out her true feelings for him. Yet, here he wasâ€”stalking her like a lion stalked a gazelle and for some odd reason a part of him liked it, because now the

tables were turned and she was the one who was going to be backed into a corner.

Helga had just opened her locker and taking a deep breath, Arnold suddenly spoke, "Hi Helga."

SLAM.

Arnold almost flinched when he heard her slam her locker closed and when she was about to spin around on her heels to yell at him, Arnold scrambled over to her so that he was standing directly in front of her and she would have whatever insult she was going to say die because he found that when she caught him looking at him she would go doe eyed for a moment and then she would scowl at him. He just needed to keep her with that doe look.

When Helga turned around she froze where she was and Arnold saw that her eyes were large and that they were peering at him with shock. She had never had him close to her. Then, everything changed and she scowled at him. "What do you think you're doing, hair boy?" Helga demanded and raised her hand to point her finger at him and when she used her pointer finger to push his chest, Arnold quickly grabbed her hand in his hand and felt how soft her hand was it was so different than what he would think it would be considering how she always punched everyone, except for him of course.

Speaking of that

"Helga," Arnold gave her a pointed look and Helga opened her mouth again to yell at him but he took a deep breath in his mind and hoped that he wouldn't be murdered because he lightly brushed his finger against the side of her wrist causing Helga to shiver a little bit from the fact that he was stroking her hand in his.

"A-Arnold, what do you think you're doing?" Helga whispered, this time she had worry in her voice, and she almost looked as though she was afraid that what was in front of her was going to be a prank and Arnold took a deep breath before he let go of her hand and then took a step forward making the space between them lessen.

Arnold closed his eyes and took a true deep breath before he let that part of him that wanted the answer from her come out, and surprisingly that side of him was almost taking control him the closer he moved towards her. That side of him, whatever that side of him, liked the fact that he was alone with the girl and that he was so very close to her. He opened his eyes and they fell half lidded when he saw that the girl with the flustered features and the trembling lips made his lips turn up in a small smirk that part of him liked the fact that he could have this reaction from her.

"Something I've been wanting to do," Arnold replied and reached his hand up and cupped the side of her cheekbone. His fingers reached down and brushed underneath her bottom lip, feeling the smooth texture of her skin. He never noticed how milky white and smooth her face was or the fact that her lips were a pretty shade of pink, or that the pink on her cheekbones and the large blue eyes of hers made him realize how pretty she really looked in pink. How could she not? It was smack dab in front of him her clothes, and her bow always looked pretty against her.

"You're so pretty in pink," Arnold whispered and inside of himâ€”the side of him that was innocent and shy almost screamed at himâ€”wanting to know what he was doing. He truly, truly didn't mean to say that aloud but for some odd reason that side of him, the side that was dominating his true side, wanted her to know that.

Helga opened her mouth to say something but Arnold leaned forward and pressed his lips near her ear as he realized that she truly did love him, "we're alone, Helga. You can tell me the truth. I already know the truth. I want to hear it from you though."

Helga couldn't concentrate, her breathing wasn't normal, and her legs were shaking and they were about to fall down and she justâ€”she never had this ever happen to her. She had dreams of this happening, she wrote poems of this happening, to have a side of Arnold come out and demand to know the truth from herâ€”a seductive side of him, but that was always when they were in middle school or when they were teenagers but not now! She couldn't complain though, and for some odd reason, she found her lips opening and she whispered, "Iâ€”I love you, Arnold."

And then to seal the deal, she couldn't help but lunge forward and press her lips against his in a fit of passion. Oh, she had been waiting for this to happen. She threw her arms around his neck and reached up and tangled her fingers through his blonde tufts of hair. His blue cap fell off and landed behind them, from her lunging at him. Arnold made a sound of surprise and Helga didn't care. Just seeing him that close, having him standing thereâ€”beckoning her with those lips of his, which were set in a smirk that was only present in her dreamsâ€”she couldn't help it.

Criminy, his lips were just asking for it!

Arnold's eyes widened and he felt her assault his lips, with just as much passion as on that rooftop, but as she continued to kiss him he felt his eyes dilate again and then they slowlyâ€”slowly, slowly began to close. And as soon as his eyes closed and he was welcomed with the darkness around him and the feel of Helga holding his head and caressing his hair and holding him in a loving embrace Arnold couldn't help but sigh and snake his arms around her waistâ€”before wondering what it would be like to just brush his lips against hers. Just once. And then, maybe, possibly, this side of him that was wanting to tease her would be gone.

As soon as his lips responded to hers, Arnold felt a warmth blossom throughout him and he felt his body begin to quiver. Oh, so that was what it felt like to kiss Helga back. In all of the moments that she had kissed him, he never kissed her back. He sighed again and then felt that other side of him rise up again and without realizing it, Arnold fixed his feet on the ground before dipping the girl while kissing her back with the speed of his lips and pressure against hers increasing.

THUMP.

Arnold and Helga tore their lips away from each other and turned their heads (all the while Arnold still had the girl dipped in his arms), only to see that Gerald was passed out on the ground. Arnold rolled his eyes before sitting Helga back correctly on her feet. He

pulled away from her and as soon as he did all the warmth and tingling that was wrapped around him began to unravel.

"I need to take Gerald to the nurse," Arnold sighed and went to move towards the boy, but paused for a moment. Oh, now that he had the answer from Helga—he felt as though he knew his other answer that was bombarding his mind.

Moving over to the girl, Arnold reached over and kissed her on the cheek, "I'll walk you home from school." Arnold was then greeted with that side of him that was opposite of his gentlemanly ways speaking for him again, "we should do this again some time—that is, if you want to be my girlfriend."

Helga blinked a couple of times, not believing what was happening before she responded, "do you even need to ask?" She blushed and Arnold smiled at her with his lovesick half lidded smile before he picked Gerald up by arms and Helga picked him up by the legs—all the while not knowing that someone was actually in the hallway.

Curly grinned, and knew how he was going to greet Rhonda next time he saw her.

Second Author's Note: and there you go. There's my one shot 'His Power'. By the way, I have a song that I absolutely love that you should listen to that reminds me of Helga all the time, like right after the heat of the moment thing between them. It's called 'Down' by Jason Walker, here's the link: [watch?v=DXs8Cv8U02k](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DXs8Cv8U02k)

Hope you enjoyed it!

XEMS

_Oh and __KasuKapl __I hope I did your picture justice._

End
file.